

NIPPY

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★ GLENDA'S GARTER
★ LIGHT MY FIRE
★ MEET GINA
★ BARBARA



SALE TO MINORS IS FORBIDDEN. THIS IS A SEXUALLY EXPLICIT PUBLICATION PREPARED FOR INTERESTED ADULTS WHO BELIEVE THIS TYPE OF MATERIAL MAY HAVE VALUE FOR THEM AND HAVE A NORMAL CURIOSITY CONCERNING SUCH MATTERS.

NIPPY

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Light
My
Fire





Below April's window is the thundering waves of the Pacific ocean. Fortunately she lives high upon a rocky promontory and is safe from the swirling waters which constantly pound the shoreline.

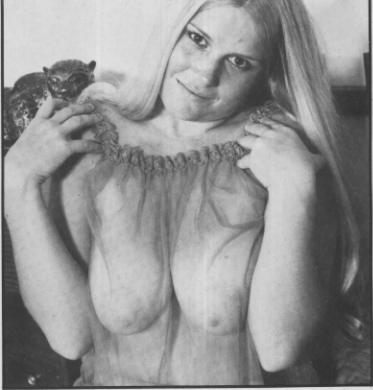
Ever since her last birthday, April has been living a very lonely life. According to her uncle's will she has to live in this desolate house until the first of the year. She can't have any visitors but she can call as many people as she likes on the phone. This can be a most frustrating situation. Still if April is to receive her sizeable inheritance, then she has to carry out these specific instructions.

There are many times when April wishes someone would accidentally knock on her door and light her fire. It does get cold on some of those winter nights. The right flame would certainly take away a lot of the chill. She needs to fill her fire box with some good stiff lumber. But then she has to be careful not to become too friendly with anyone passing by.



There is the phone, of course, and many times this saves her life. There are times when she will just take a name from the phone book and give them a call. Of course they want to come right over and get acquainted. April doesn't like to tease them like this but there's nothing else she can do.

There are times when she can bicycle down the hill and get some groceries. Stipulations in the will allow her to make this short trip. She can not get friendly although a wink here and there isn't the end of the world.



Soon her time of isolation will be at an end and April is getting ready for that marvelous day. Just for fun she pretends to have surprise parties for herself. Paper lanterns and decorations are planted all over the living room. April has even been able to get her hands on a few mannequins which look exactly like some big studs ready for action. This certainly adds a lot of class to the party. April only wishes that she could have the real thing.

Fortunately April has a very good friend who is going to help her out during these days of isolation. Donna has promised to bring April a playmate before the end of the week. She will have to sneak him in, of course, but she has done this before for other friends who were in similar situations. This will be a little more difficult since a corp of hired detectives watch over April's house at all hours of the day and night.

There are several ways to smuggle a swinging stud into April's hideaway. First there is the most direct way of all: Disguise him as a postman or milkman. Have him make his delivery and then stay over to

collect his "bill." The second way requires a little more ingenuity.

No one would be suspicious of a piece of furniture arriving at April's house. Since she is an amateur decorator this would be looked upon as a necessary piece of equipment. Inside the couch would be April's special visitor. He could easily curl up under the pillow since a section of the frame would be missing. There was a certain amount of danger but it was all well worth the time and effort as far as April was concerned.

April made ready for her secret guest. She threw away all her silly party things be-





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cause there wasn't going to be any time for games. No matter which plan she finally decides to use she'll have to be alone by eleven o'clock at night. That was when the outside

guards pay her a visit. If there is even a hint of someone unknown on the premises then the alarm would be sounded. April had to be very careful.

It rained on the day of



April's "delivery." All the shades were drawn and she had a roaring fire in the living room. All she needed was a little more hot fuel to increase the temperature in that room. Once she had her hands on her guest she knew that her fire would be well lit!

The truck arrived a little after seven o'clock. A good time since the sun was out of sight—almost—and the shadows were long enough to cover any mistakes which might be made on the way. There was little chance that anyone would catch on to what was happening. Donna was an expert at these nighttime deliveries. She knows just what to do to get a stud curled up and relaxed. It's a talent she learned in college and has been improving upon it ever since!

The moment the couch arrived in the living room, April



became a nervous wreck. She had no idea what was going to happen next since she had left all the plans up to Donna. Then all of a sudden the pillows began to move. It was like observing an earthquake from a million miles away. Nothing was real and yet it was all still happening right before her eyes.

"Hi, my name's Rick," said the neat looking dude. For a brief moment April completely forgot her own name. She had to go through the alphabet. Luckily April was at the top of the list.

Little more was said than

their first names. The couch got a good working out. Pillows were flying all over the place. Thankfully the springs were well oiled—as was April—and there were no telltale sounds which might alert the guards outside.

For an encore, Rick decided to light April's fire at the other end. He nicely demonstrated his versatility. Donna had certainly made an excellent choice and April was kicking her heels up in the air with joy. Then all of a sudden she realized that something was very wrong and she almost rolled over the edge of the couch.







How was she ever going to get Rick out of the house? She certainly couldn't carry the couch back out. That would be a dead giveaway. There was no use calling Donna for advice, since she was no longer in town. It was her monthly visit to Vegas and she was probably bouncing her buns on the local dice table. April was all alone! She had to be the one to come up with a solution. In the past she had always de-

pended on others.

But when the chips are down April knows how to come to the fore. Suddenly she would have her rug cleaned. Once it was rolled up, Rick would fit nicely right in the middle. That is, if he didn't have a hard-on. April would have to make sure that everything would fit together when the time came.

It all sounded good in theory but nothing seemed to go

right when the rug cleaners appeared on the scene. They didn't want to get involved in this little game and April didn't exactly know how to explain it to them.

Finally there was nothing else for April to do. She was going to march right out the front door with Rick by her side. Yes, it meant giving up her inheritance but there was nothing she could do about that.



Of course she was instantly discovered. Cameras began clicking everywhere. The evidence was there for all to see. There was nothing she could do about it. But at this point she didn't care. No more could she stand all that loneliness! It was too much—even it there



was a fortune waiting for her on the final day. April at last had made a decision about her life!

Once Donna heard the news she rushed over to see April. "You've made a terrible mistake," she screamed. "Now you can't live in this beautiful house overlooking the ocean." April shook her head at her. She wasn't going to listen to such negative thoughts. And besides, what did beautiful Donna know about living alone? She was always having a good time.

In a way Donna was right. She did have to move out of the hilltop house. Since she didn't have any money she was forced to share an apartment with a friend. Right away she could see that this was a mistake because there was no



much activity that April couldn't get any rest. She didn't mind a few parties on the weekend, but when there was one continuous orgy, it was too much to take. A girl has to get her sleep or she'll be old before her time.

At first April didn't know which way to turn. Then she remembered about an old camping ground she would go to as a child. Was it possible that she could move in there until she could somehow settle her life? Why not! This was the time to be daring.

It was necessary for April to move in the middle of the night. She didn't want to have



any long conversation with her friend. There was no time to explain what was happening. You do it, then talk about it later!

April had forgotten how cold it could get in one of those deserted cabins. She had remembered to bring everything

except some matches. As she sat down to think about this, there was a sudden knock on the door. At first she was frightened to answer, then cautiously she edged open the door. There was Rick with a stiff match between his hands—ready to light her fire!





Miss Barbara Bonner

At one time Barbara Bonner thought she was a failure in life. That was before she was discovered before an open window dressed only in her panties and garter belt. She didn't do that on purpose, of course. Barbara was in such a hurry to get to a party she forgot to check the shade in her bedroom.

When Barbara first saw this pair of staring eyes gaping into her room, she was furious. Couldn't a girl undress in private any more? Maybe it was her fault that the shade wasn't down, but she couldn't think of everything. Why did she always attract such horny dudes anyway?

Brad Simpson introduced himself immediately. He was a television producer and specialized in off-beat commercials. Some of them had won awards and this was the reason that he wanted Miss Barbara Bonner.

All of this sounded very exciting but could Barbara believe any of it. There were a lot of con artists around these days and Barbara didn't want to find herself caught in the middle of some crazy scheme. She demanded some proof before she would become involved.

Brad was more than willing to take Barbara behind the scenes of his giant organization. That very night a sleek limousine called for Miss Barbara



Bonner and whisked her away to Creative Productions, which was Brad's current headquarters. The building was most impressive and Barbara had to admit that it all looked very substantial to her.

There was a lot to see and Brad didn't waste any time. He explained that his big clients were manufacturers of silk panties and black garter belts. The moment he spied Barbara through the window he realized that he had discovered the perfect model. It was obvious that she wore her undergarments with great style. He just had to get some shots and confirm his original judgement. It was strictly business, nothing more.

To prove his sincerity even more, Brad escorted Barbara into his private viewing room and personally exhibited some of his prized slides. She watched in awe as the pictures flashed before her eyes. There were certainly a lot of ways to wear



a pair of silk panties. She had never believed that so many poses were possible. And when the models wearing black garter belts appeared, she suddenly realized that Brad had paid her quite a compliment. All the girls on the screen were beauties and if he took the time to use her, then she indeed must be a prize package.

"I have to make sure you have the proper contour," continued Brad. His hands began to move over her body. Instantly Barbara was on guard. Had she been fooled after all? Now she was trapped in his viewing room and there was nothing that she could do. Why had she been so trusting.

Suddenly Brad stopped his

exploratory probings and began undressing himself. "I think it's only fair to show you what I have also," he explained. She watched with a fixed fascination as his manly garments fell to the floor. He certainly had some powerful equipment and she couldn't help staring directly at his powerhouse. There was enough action there to split a poor girl apart!

After awhile Barbara realized that she should reciprocate and take her clothes off also. At least she should strip down to her panties. That would demonstrate that she was sympathetic to his present performance.

Soon they were both down to shorts and panties. It was a time for both of them to





had transcended all those material things. She wanted to get down to the hard reality of the moment. And Brad was only too glad to give her plenty of that!



examine the other. This seemed fair enough since they had really only just met. This was a good way to compare inventory.

Barbara had to admit that Brad looked hard and ready to go. She had to swallow her breath when his dong began to bounce up and down before her wide eyes. A warm flow coursed through her body. For a moment she thought she was going to explode. Quickly she reached out to touch Brad's shoulder. In a way she wanted to affirm his reality. He reached back and soon they were tightly clenched together. Yes, it was all real and burning like a recently erupted volcano.

There was no use wearing her panties or garter belt any longer. They could only get in the way now. Thankfully Barbara Bonner could say that she



Meet Gina

Winning first prize at the International Expressionistic Exhibit was an incredible surprise to Gina. She had entered her screen display at the last moment and didn't think she had any chance at all of winning.

The judges wanted to know how she was able to get such a blend of the human elements in her abstract paintings. Gina couldn't exactly explain this. Although she did admit she had taken a water reflection of herself in the nude. This confession intrigued several of the judges and they asked for a demonstration.

Since Gina had received a sizeable prize she decided to cooperate. In a way this might help other artists who wished to investigate this type of communication. Gina always has had the need to help others.

And so early Friday morning, on a bright sunny day, Gina led the way to her favorite pool on the outskirts of town. Two of the judges were with her to make it official. They seemed to be breathing very hard which was strange since they didn't look the athletic type.

Midway on the journey, Gina suddenly realized that she had forgotten some of her equipment. Her burlap screens were still in the small closet upstairs. She could hardly give a demonstration without them!



One of the judges offered to go back for them, but Gina objected. He might pick the wrong one and then the journey will have to be repeated. Gina would have to go herself. There was no other way!



But then a suggestion was made which sounded interesting. Both of the judges offered their jackets to be used in place of the missing screens. They were made of a fabric which was porous enough to soak up the acrylic resins. It was a mad idea but it might work. At this point Gina was willing to try anything. Who knows? She might even discover a new technique.

Without another word both judges stripped off their jackets. They decided to take off their pants also so Gina would have a complete set. It was possible that she might make a mistake and need some more material in a hurry.

The reflection pool fairly glowed as Gina began to take off her clothes. One of the judges wanted to help her but she shook her head violently. All of this was part of the ritual and couldn't be interrupted. Reluctantly he sat down, although it was a little hard for him to bend his legs at this point. With that extra hard point, he wasn't as flexible as before.

At last Gina was ready to put her brush into action. First





she had to gaze at herself in the settled water. A tiny ripple spread across the surface and



her reflection was momentarily shattered. She would have to wait for a moment before she

could continue. In the meantime she began to mix her paints.



A little red here, some blue there. A dab of purple at the top. A smear of yellow at the

bottom. The finished piece was going to be an incredible panorama of color. Gina could tell

that this was going to be something special. Never had she been this excited about her



own work before.

Then as the water stilled, Gina was amazed to observe something strange in the reflection. Standing on either side of her were the distinguished judges. They each carried a stiff pole and the way they were quivering she could tell that they wanted some wild action. Gina shook her head. All her attention was on her painting. She agreed to allow them to watch her creation take shape but that didn't mean they could invade her artistic box.

She decided right then and there to gather up all her equipment and leave the premises. As she looked over towards the embankment where she had kept her clothes she made another startling discovery. None of her garments



were in sight. Suddenly they had vanished from view. How was that possible? Just a moment ago she had placed them carefully on top of the embankment.

This was the first time that Gina had ever discovered herself in an impossible situation. Fortunately she had a reservoir of strength for such matters as these. Quickly she took the two jackets which had been offered to her and wrapped them around her. In a way they made an attractive dress. It might be something she could pursue later. Who knows what discovery she will make this day? Anyway, at least she wasn't in the nude any longer.

The two judges saw what was happening and began stripping off more of their clothes which could be wrapped





around Gina's lovely sleek body. Soon they were in the nude and she was smothered with various types of cloth from head to foot. This was a complete reverse from what had been just a few moments ago. Naturally this was all very

confusing to Gina and she had to sit down and think about this for a moment.

And then the answer came to Gina in a flash. More than anything she wanted to be a successful painter. Unless she continued to experience life

then this might never happen. With this in mind she threw off all her clothes. Instantly the bubbling pool picked up her happy reflection. Gina swept her glowing brush into action and she was off and away.

GLENDAS

GARTER

Sometimes a lonely girl has to have a hobby to keep her mind off her present desolation. Not that Glenda doesn't have a lot of friends who call on her quite often, but most of them are very shallow people and they have little in common. Just because Glenda has a wild body doesn't mean that she isn't interested in the aesthetic world which surrounds her daily.



Some people might say that Glenda is basically lazy if they saw her stretched out on her couch all day. But if they looked close they would see the beautiful tapestry in the

background. Every inch was created by Glenda herself. In many ways she was influenced by some of the great Spanish painters. Francisco Goya especially thrills Glenda. Even her

garter has a design similar to his bold artistic lines.

She wishes to have it understood, however, that she never actually copies any of the great









artists. That kind of creativity would accomplish nothing. First she has to unconsciously experience the purpose of the artist. This can never be said in words, it is an intuitive touch. Either it comes to you at that moment or it will remain a secret forever.



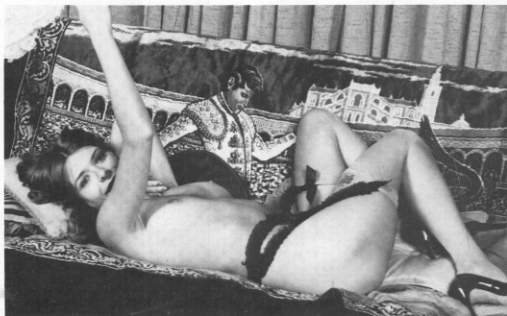
One of Glenda's most prized possessions is her embroidered garter. Without the slightest hesitation she will display it to anyone who would be interested. Quite a number of people side up to her during the day and ask to see her artistic work. Once during a cross-town bus trip Glenda exhibited her garter to several admirer's. Suddenly the driver became very interested and the bus went up on the sidewalk for a couple of hundred feet. Some of the passengers were shook up, but most of them agreed it was worth the inconvenience to have one little glance at Glenda's glimmering, glossy garter!



As you can imagine, Glenda is no longer a lonely girl since she has become serious about her artistic talents. Every night could be a busy time if she allowed it to happen that way. Of course she has to be very careful that her days are partitioned in the correct manner. It would be easy enough to trip all over town displaying her handsome garter to every passerby. But when would she have time to do her creative work?

Perhaps Glenda leans towards the Spanish art because there is always a touch of flamboyancy weaved in amongst the scene portrayed. For the last year she has been studying the Spanish artists of the 16th and 17th century. This was the golden age with the great painters of religious subjects. El Greco and Velazquez were the most prominent. Glenda thought that she might even incorporate some of their designs into future garter styles. What a marvelous sight that would be! Imagine the swirling colors of an El Greco on the silky smooth skin of her thigh. Of course she would have to display this more than her other designs. It wouldn't be possible to keep such a work of art from the public. That wouldn't be fair at all.

Before Glenda enters into any of these projects, she has to make sure that her presentation is correct. Merely pulling up her skirt and revealing her garter to the passing crowd is very crude. She just has to develop a little more finesse, otherwise she could acquire a bad reputation.



But how does one display a garter without also displaying a portion of a creamy thigh? Although that is a marvelous combination, some people would get the wrong idea.

Glenda is only interested in getting her garter gaped at. If some horny dudes has some other idea, then that's his problem.

There are other places a girl

can wear her embroidered garter of course. Around the neck would be clever. Maybe it might seem a little high to some. That didn't matter as long as they appreciated the in-





tricate design she wished to display. You just can't please everyone these days.

At the present time Glenda has to spend a lot of time on her tapestry-draped couch. She loves to feel the texture of

smooth cloth against her nude body. All kinds of thoughts whirl through her mind. In this fantasy state she imagines that she is in the bull ring as a majestic matador. Her boobs stand out straight in defiance of the



angry animals. She will not give an inch. Then all at once they spy her florid, flowery garters. A new sparkle comes to their eyes. And then all at once they turn into a couple of handsome dudes who want to get it on in a hurry. Glenda almost faints. What can she do with a pair of pussy-hunters like that staring into her eyes?

Immediately she snaps out of her dream. The couch is a mess since she has been thrashing around for the last half hour. Thankfully her precious tapestry didn't get damaged. It was a little dented in spots but a hot iron would put all the frayed bulls back into shape.





This dream-fantasy remained with Glenda for some time. It was as though her subconscious wanted to tell her something and yet didn't know how to put it into words. Suddenly it all came to her as she adjusted her garter. Why not really become a bull fighter? What a perfect way to display her colorful garter? No one could ever accuse her of being vain-glorious. It would all be part of her normal routine in the ring.

But how does a girl get started if she wants to throw the bull around? Glenda would have to travel either to Spain or Mexico. Those are the last two countries in the world who feature bullfighting within their boundaries. She doesn't know if she is willing to give up her residency in this country for a fling in the ring.





There is only one way to make up your mind in a situation like this. A trial run will answer a lot of questions. Once Glenda can get the feel of it she'll know if she wants to devote her entire life to this profession.

It wasn't easy to find a farmer who was willing to put up his bull. Most were a little suspicious of Glenda's intentions. They wanted to know what a big girl like her had in mind once she displayed her garter to the bull. Was she going to tease him with her full, rounded thighs? Bulls have blood pressure too and it

wasn't impossible that one of them might blow his top.

Glenda immediately put both the farmer and the bull at ease. She had no intention of disrupting any routine. The difficulty of obtaining one was well-known to Glenda. Most of her life was concerned with discipline. Breaking up someone else's well-regulated life was the farthest from her mind.

The moment Glenda stepped into the ring she realized that she had made a serious mistake. That big bull snorted and stamped his hoofs as his dong grew larger and larger. Glenda had never seen anything like



that since she use to work in the cucumber patch on her father's farm.

There was no turning back now. No one was able to help her in the middle of the ring. She either had to take com-

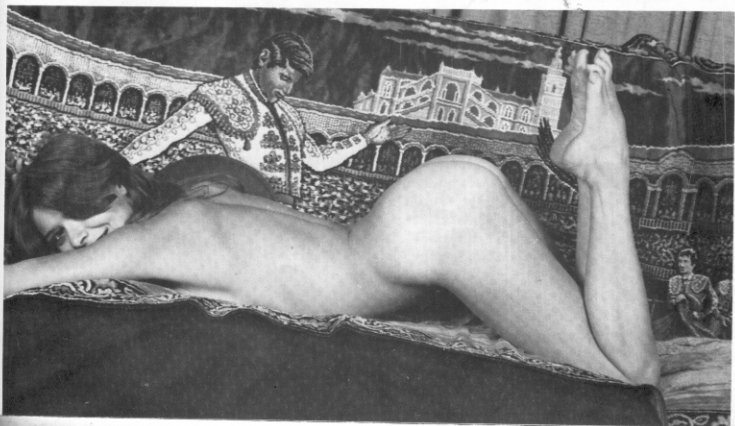
mand of the situation or turn around and run like hell. Glenda was hoping that her mind would make a decision for her as soon as possible. Instead her thoughts were all blank.

All at once the bull took the incentive and lowered his snout to the ground. It was all over, thought Glenda to herself. She had absolutely no defense whatsoever. All she could do was wait for the fatal blow.



Glenda closed her eyes and said a little prayer. After a few seconds had past she began to feel a wet tongue licking her arm. When she stole a quick glance she couldn't believe what was happening. There was this big furious animal lapping away and gazing dolefully down at her colorful garters.





STRONG FICTION WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF WARM FRICTION

Her name is

MARROCA

By James Hooker

The following short story is a satire of the bawdy, enchanting works of Guy de Maupassant. This story is brought up to date by one of the zaniest contemporary American writers, George E. Pollack.

Thank God for air conditioning, Tagget thought as he walked into the bar at the Grand Bahama Club. The sudden, stifling heat wave that had closed in on the Caribbean island had him drained of strength and stewing in his juices.

Entering from the brilliant sunlight into the cool darkness of the lounge made it difficult for him to get his bearings. He groped past the first couple of bar stools until he heard his name called. Tagget squinted, then recognized the caller. It was Crispin.

Dammit, anyway. He'd wanted one or two cold drinks and a quiet chance to let his body temperature drop to normal. The Englishman, Crispin, was an ear-bender of the first rank. Tagget winced. He was trapped. He couldn't ignore Crispin, but he certainly wasn't going to be sweetly sociable — if he could help it.

"Goddamn heat!" he said sitting down. "I thought these islands were supposed to have ocean breezes that kept the temptaure fairly comfortable all year around."

Crispin answered him in the bored, off-handed manner of a man who had been asked the same question a dozen times that very day. "The 'breezes,' as you call them, my dear Tagget, are manifested by the ocean currents, mainly the Gulf Stream, that surround the islands. Every few years the Gulf Stream seems to move further out into the Atlantic than normal. That leaves us in, what one might call if he were in equatorial seas, 'the doldrums.' The water is quite calm you'll notice, the wind



light and infrequent, and the heat somewhat intensified."

Tagget cocked an eyebrow at him. "Somewhat intensified?" he repeated. "What in hell do you think I've been bitching about? It's over ninety-five degrees out there and the humidity must be close to a hundred percent!" He turned abruptly from Crispin and hollered to the bartender for a tall rum with tonic, a dash of bitters, fresh lime, and much ice. That should do the trick, he thought, and watched his drink being built.

"I've noticed you don't drink much gin," Crispin nudged him. "You should really try it. I've found gin, with tonic as a mixer, of course, to be much more coolly refreshing than rum."

Tagget closed his eyes briefly. Now the sonofabitch was criticizing his drink. Too much. He swung sideways on his bar stool. "Crispin," he started with quiet panic, "the ad agency I work for is spending two million dollars a year to convince the drinking public that rum, R-U-M, is THE hot weather drink. Now I ask you, how would it look if I ran around drinking gin, vodka, or for that matter, root beer? How would it look?"

"Do you want me to lose my job, Crispin, lose twenty thou a year — plus expenses — over a little thing like the right booze at a particular temperature?"

"You wouldn't want to see that, I'm sure. However, I'm going to let you in on a small secret: I like rum. That's right, I really do. You see, it cools me. It also makes me drunk. Sometimes very drunk. And that's what I'm going to do this afternoon — sit right on this stool, drink lots and lots of rum and get wiped out. Absolutely smashed."

"And also I'm going to do it all by myself. You know why that is, Crispin? Because it's too goddamn hot to carry on any idiotic conversations!"

"If the most beautiful broad in the world came in here and sat in the seat I hope you'll soon be vacating, I wouldn't give her the time of day! If for no reason other than it's too hot to even think about getting laid!" And with that Tagget grabbed his drink (rum) and concentrated on scowling at himself in the bar mirror.

Crispin hadn't batted an eye. He finished his drink (gin) and left the bar without a word.

In a matter of minutes Tagget began to feel somewhat ashamed of the way he'd acted. Forget it, he thought. Nerves and heat are a lousy combination. Some people just aren't cut out for the tropics. He switched his thoughts to his upcoming vacation in the Canadian Rockies and that helped calm him down. Before long he

imagined he was comfortable. He could feel the air conditioning taking a good hold on him and he was drinking at a normal pace again.

Then a bellboy delivered the small, dog's-eared diary and the accompanying note from Crispin. Tagget was on his fifth rum and tonic and seriously contemplating a little action in the Casino.

Crispin had taken care of the tip so the least Tagget could do, he figured, was to read the note. Reluctantly, Tagget accepted the diary and the message.

"Mr. Tagget," the note read. "While I found your comments both petty and annoying, you did make two remarks I would like to argue, 1) Your foolish notion

"She was nude. Beautiful? I swear to God she is the most beautiful female I've ever set my eyes on. Her body is fantastic."

that any alcoholic beverage, my own partiality to gin to the contrary, could become a hot or warm weather drink. And, 2) That heat could be, or ever become, a deterrent to sexual intercourse."

"What the hell?" Tagget said aloud to nobody in particular. This guy has to be some sort of a nut or a kook, he thought, but he kept reading.

"I call your attention to the diary," the note went on. "The man who made the entries was an American. He was working on the southern part of the island as a part of a geographic and geodetic survey, checking tides, making weather observations, and that sort of thing. The diary was left behind (possibly by oversight) when the man's work was finished. It is singularly unspectacular except for the month of August, 1960. You might find the few entries for that period interesting, especially considering two of your views and the fact that you are a tourist complaining about the weather from the advantageous position of a bar stool in an air cooled cocktail lounge." Signed, "Crispin."

Sneaky sonofabitch, Tagget thought, got his digs in

continued ►

Her name is MARROCA

anyway. But Tagget's curiosity was aroused. He checked his watch. Three-thirty. What the hell, the Casino would be dead now. He ordered another drink and picked up the diary. The name on the inside cover was David Bolt. Tagget thumbed through the pages until he reached the month of August, '60 and began to read the first entry.

August the 1st —

Supply day again. I followed the truck in the jeep down from Freetown after I'd checked the tide gauge at Further Out Landing. To tell the truth this is one month I'd rather have waited another couple of weeks for the stuff. This heat has got me busted. I just can't seem to function. Not that I kill myself normally, but I know I'm worn out at this point and I don't like the idea.

It's like with the water. I can't explain it, but I've never drunk so much water in my life. I filled up the gallon jug in the cooler twice today and it's practically empty again. Usually I have three or four bottles of beer in a day and maybe a couple of quarts of water. But I can't drink beer anymore. One bottle is knocking me out, making me drowsy, almost useless. Just like the radiator in the jeep, I can only keep going on water. Speaking of the radiator, it's a toss-up as to what's going to go first during this heat wave, it or my bladder.

Old Eb, the blue-black who drove the truck down today, told me the horses up at West End and some of the natives north of Freetown are keeling over left and right. That I can believe. At two o'clock this afternoon I made an entry of ninety-eight degrees in the weather log. The anemometer up on the roof hasn't budged in three days. No reason that I can see, but one interesting observation: the seas, both here at Coldrock Creek and up at Further Out Landing, are glassy smooth and the tide surge is far below normal.

I'll write up all my observations on this hot spell when the thing finally breaks, but there's no sense in it now and I really don't have the ambition.

August the 2nd —

I wasn't going to write this down, but, hell, I might as well be honest with myself. Anyway, Old Eb picked me up on it yesterday and he's probably getting a lot of laughs with the story in Freetown right now.

It's rather simple, I need to get laid. I need a woman. But it isn't that easy, not for me anyway. I'm not prejudiced. Really, I swear to God I'm not. It's just that I have a thing. Call it a superstition; call it a phobia, whatever; but I've never been able to think about, to even imagine or dream about, making love to a girl of another color. And I'm not talking about just Negroes, I could never make it in Japan, or Brazil, either, with anyone darker than me. God knows I tried, but there was something that just wouldn't let the scene work.

I don't know what in hell I'm going to do. I have to try to stop thinking about it.

August the 6th —

Try it I kept telling myself. Try it and see. Even if it doesn't work, maybe, just maybe, it will stop all this madness. And if it does work? What the hell, I was thinking, I'm only human.

I got as far as the lumber yard dock before I woke up and realized what I was doing and where I was heading. And I couldn't go any farther.

I turned the jeep around and drove down to the beach. I sat there for maybe an hour, and to tell the truth I don't even remember what I was thinking. I decided to walk down the beach and take an afternoon reading on the tide gauge.

I could hear her splashing and singing to her self on the other side of the small dock as I walked up. I climbed around the end of the dock and looked at her. She didn't see me. I watched her for, hell, I don't know how long, and was practically paralyzed with the sight of her.

She was nude. Beautiful? I swear to God she is the most beautiful female I've ever set eyes on in my life. Her body is fantastic. It defies description. She must be five-ten or eleven. But whatever the height, there isn't an inch of her that isn't perfect.

But, here's the clincher: she isn't white! She isn't black, either. I guess you would call her a mulatto, but whatever the mixture of her blood she looked like a tawny-golden Venus to me. For the first time in my life I couldn't have cared less if she were orange or green. She is that fabulous.

Her name is Marroca!
I could feel the electricity between us this afternoon.

We were in deep water, diving for shells, and I felt as though I wanted to make love to her right on the floor of the ocean. Our bodies would touch sometimes as we dove or were reaching for the same shell. A couple of times when that happened I damn near choked from swallowing water. Marroca made fun of my inability to dive, but I think she knew what was happening.



"We made love on the bunk, she was wonderful"

August the 13th —

It happened today. I made love to Marroca today. To put it simply, it's been a day I won't forget for a long time. If ever!

She just left me an hour ago. That's right, she was here at the quonset. We made love on the bunk, and to tell the truth, I don't know how I'm going to sleep in the damn thing alone again.

She is wonderful. I never dreamed anything could be so great. And I never have felt more like a man than I do right now. Yet, at the same time I feel helpless, too.

You see, after we made love, lying together closely on the bunk, Marroca and I had a talk. Or rather, she talked.

She told me she was married.

Well, if that's the way the set-up is going to be, it's better than not having her at all. I'll learn to live with it. I'd be a fool not to.

August the 18th —

The temperature dropped to eighty-five today, which is a blessing for most but I think maybe a bad omen for me.

Marroca made a very strange request today, one I don't quite understand. She asked me to come to her home tomorrow night. Her husband is supposed to be working his boats at night now and she wants me to make love to her. In her own bed.

I didn't go for the idea.

August the 21st —

Marroca came to the quonset for the first time since the 18th today. It turned out she was a lot madder than I'd thought about my refusal to sleep at her home. She asked me again today and at least this time she was willing to talk about it.

Well, I'll have to admit it was a pretty speech and a very sweet thought, but, I still said no. I'm not superstitious, but I had a bad feeling.

August the 29th —

She did it again, dammit, and this time I gave in.

"Her nakedness obviously had him aroused"

Marroca didn't come to me for eight days. Today I went to look for her. I found her, about three this afternoon, on the beach near Further Out Landing. We only talked for a few minutes but the net result of the conversation is that I'm going to meet her this evening on the beach nearest Freetown, and go to her house with her.

Maybe I'm an ass, I don't know. I do know that I can't go on without seeing her, without making love to her. A woman has a great leveller when she decides to use sex, or rather the lack of it, as a weapon. I'll see how it works out this once, but I'll be damned if I plan on making a habit out of it.

August the 30th —

I'll have to start from the beginning to recall all that happened last night. It's the only way.

I met her on the beach just as we'd planned. She was more dressed up for the occasion than I had ever seen her. She wore a sort of low-cut, gypsy blouse and a skirt that nicely showed off her legs. She did look so very beautiful standing on the beach where the moon light was bounced off the surf. If I'd had any hesitations over the wisdom of making a house-call, they were all lost — the moment I saw her.

Her house? Well, it was fine by island standards, and a thousand percent cleaner than the average. I wasn't surprised. From Marroca's own personal cleanliness I'd an idea I'd find what I did.

She had beer in her ice-box and I had one as sort of a celebration gesture, house-warming, I guess, you might have called it.

When I finished it we went into the bedroom. I'll have to admit that I was slightly intrigued. After sleeping so long on a narrow bunk, her big double bed looked like it had all kinds of possibilities.

We kissed and held each other for a short while but Marroca held me up — she wanted things to be exactly right. We undressed and she neatly put our things away. Then the cover sheet was turned down. I was set and ready for anything.

Well, not quite anything. I hadn't expected her husband to come home.

Exactly. We heard a car door slam and Marroca gave a little shriek when she looked out the window.

I was as bare-assed as the day I was born, and the guy was only seconds from the front door. Marroca pointed to the bed and motioned for me to get under it. Damn! It was like something out of a B-movie, only I wasn't laughing. I was crawling and holding my breath.

I heard her run out of the bedroom just before the door opened. Her husband called and she answered from somewhere in back of the house. Then she was back in the bedroom. Her husband came in a minute after she'd returned and I broke into a cold sweat. I saw his feet near the bed. By God! They must have been size fourteens! If this guy ever got a hold of me it was all over but the pine box scene.

It turned out he'd forgotten some keys. Then he started for the closet. My clothes! It had to be. I was dead. But Marroca was a fast thinker and said she'd get them for him. So she went to the closet herself and saved that particular play.

The husband got his keys, but dammit all anyway, now he wanted something else. Marroca. Her nakedness obviously had him aroused. He wanted just a few minutes with her. He wouldn't take long, he said, just a quick romp, then down to the sea and ships again, so to speak. I tried to raise my head slightly. I had an inch clearance from the springs. A guy that size on the bed would crush me, or he'd be able to feel me under it and either way was bound to be fatal.

Once again Marroca came through. This time she did it by begging off, saying she was tired, and promising him a special treat after she'd had a good night's rest. That did the trick. Finally he left.

I waited for the sound of his car to completely disappear before I crawled out from my hiding place. I was shaking badly and my stomach was turning green inside. Marroca, damn her, was **laughing**.

I started yelling at her, mainly trying to get the point across that I couldn't see one small bit of humor in the whole thing. I was getting mad, but she stopped laughing and held up her hand. I shut up and waited for her to say something. She did, and I don't believe I'll ever forget it. But before she spoke she reached under the edge of the turned down coverlet and pulled out the meanest looking machete I'd ever seen. She gestured to the

edge of the bed and made the motion of someone bending under it. Then she swung the machete in a vicious arc. I got the idea.

"You see, my darling," she said. "If he'd have found you, he'd have never gotten up to tell anybody about it!"

You can't help but love a girl like that. At least not when you're on the safe side of a deadly machete.

After I put the thing in a nice out of the way spot, I took Marroca to bed and thanked her in a very special way.

• • •

Tagget finished reading the last entry for the month of August and glanced at enough of the following pages to determine that David Bolt and the girl named Marroca had continued their affair for some time. It had evidently died a natural death when Bolt was finally transferred.

The last entry in the diary simply had her name written completely across the page.

He put down the book and looked around. The bar had filled somewhat since he'd started reading. In fact, four stools away... He got up and went over to the blonde.

"May I buy you a drink?" he asked. "I've noticed you're alone at the hotel."

"Yes, I'd like a drink," she smiled up at him. "And if you've noticed I was alone, why haven't you said anything to me before now. I've been waiting, you know."

"It's been too hot until now," Tagget said. Then he turned to the bartender. "Give the young lady whatever she's having," he ordered, "and I'd like to have gin on the rocks, I think, with a tall glass of water on the side." The bartender shrugged and Tagget smiled at the girl. "It's really the water I'm after," he said. "I understand it's a hell of a drink in these parts." ■ ■ ■



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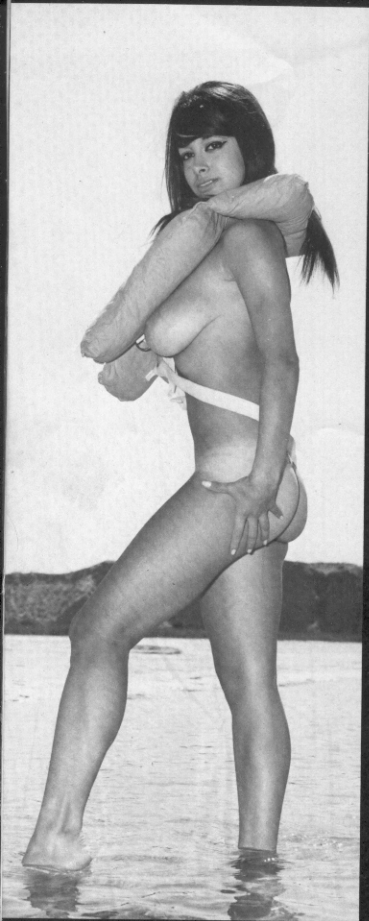
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Guess who won the hundred thousand dollar sweepstakes? You're right if you shouted bountiful Bobbie. Yes, the girl who has everything has a little bit more now. Not that she doesn't deserve it since she bought a ticket like everyone else. Still, there are a lot of girls who could





BOUNTIFUL BOBBIE

really need all that money. Bobbie has been everywhere and done everything.

Bobbie doesn't feel the least bit guilty about winning that large prize. All her life the wheel of fortune has been spinning in her direction. Why should it stop now? Once a lucky pussy, always a lucky pussy: That's her motto. Bobbie is always ready to take the winning ticket.

Already she has made some exciting plans about the future. It's true that she has been to about every country in the world, although there are a few places she would like to see





again. Some of the islands in the Pacific are very romantic and it would be nice to stretch out in the nude on some of those silver white beaches.

Don't think that Bobbie is a selfish person. She is more than willing to take along a friend—if the right one shows up. For some time Bobbie has been looking for that very special companion. Maybe he doesn't really exist, but she will keep searching because she has all the time in the world. And now she even has most of the money.

Bobbie is even willing to share some of her good fortune with other girls. She's certainly not insensitive to their problems. They are all after that certain dude and sometimes that can be a full-time occupation. A little money might help them along. What's a couple of hundred dollars to a bountiful babe like Bobbie? If the stars are right, she'll be more than happy to spread it around. How's that for a compatible chick?

Naturally Bobbie has been getting a lot of phone calls lately. A lot of guys would like to help her spend all that loot. They have all kinds of wild ideas. Bobbie gets a kick out of listening to them even though she has no intention of following up on any of them. She has everything planned and no Johnny-come-lately is going to change her mind.

On the day that the hundred thousand dollar check was delivered to her house, Bobbie was sunbathing in the nude on the roof. She was so excited that she forgot to put anything on







when she came down to answer the door. The messenger boy's eyes popped and his dong shot out like a horny arrow. Bobbie instantly saw her mistake and tried to run back into the house. By now half the cars going by the house had stopped and her front driveway looked like a drive-in on a Saturday night.









